

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

In a former number, I endeavoured to point out the fatal consequences arising from the too great affection for novelty, manifested not only by the writers, but the readers of periodical publications at the present day. It was my wish to divest the mind of that dangerous prepossession, and to prepare it for the reception of improvement from whatever source it might be offered. This thirst after novelty is not merely confined to periodical works; but has pervaded the whole republic of letters. As an evidence of this melancholy truth, let us only reflect on the immense mass of volumes which have been published for a series of years past. Let us compare their contents with those of the literary productions of any former period since the revival of learning in Europe, or even with the labours of the ancients, so far as they have survived the wreck of the dark ages. Instead of presenting to the mind something for amusement or instruction, we shall find, with a very few exceptions, that scarcely the titles of the books are recollected. Yet how often do we hear persons of both sexes enquiring of a Bookseller whether he has any thing *new*, when, they have perhaps, never opened a page of Milton or Shakespeare!

It cannot, indeed be expected that the generality of readers should peruse all the voluminous

writers of merit whose works have been handed down to us. Hence the utility of periodical works, those cheap repositories of literature, which are accessible to every class of citizens. Hence the advantage of a *Gleaner*, for which selections may be made from all without invading the rights of any particular one. But to render a work of this kind useful as well as agreeable, it should contain the beauties of the ancients as well as the moderns. Without enquiring whether a piece which is contemplated to be published has ever before made its appearance in a periodical work, our only enquiry should be, has it intrinsic merit. If to selections of this kind were added such authentic public documents or state papers as are usually inserted in the fugitive publications of the day, the compiler might truly say with Horace,

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit
utile dulci
Lectorem delectando pariterque
monendo.

VIDUA.

“ *Letters to a young Lady on a course of English Poetry*, by J. AIKEN.

LETTER VII.

Extracts continued from page 134.

My dear Mary,

Pope had been educated in the French school of literature. His

earliest ambition was to be reckoned a man of wit and gallantry in the modish sense ; and having naturally a cold and artificial character, he was well fitted to assume the part most conducive to the interests of his reputation. The personal disadvantages, too, under which he laboured, and which precluded his success as a real lover, accustomed him to fiction in his addresses to the sex, and probably infused a secret exasperation into his feelings when they were concerned.

These observations are meant to be introductory not only to the burlesque poem before us, but to other pieces, in which the female sex is mentioned in a more serious manner.

The rape of the lock is particularly admired for the elegant and fanciful *machinery* introduced into it. Of the use of this part of an epic poem you will now be a better judge, in consequence of your acquaintance with Homer. You will have seen from his works, that its chief purpose is to vary and elevate the fable by the ministry of a set of beings different from man, and surpassing him in faculties. That this mixture of supernatural agency is liable to detract from the consequence of the human personages, is an obvious objection to its use in serious compositions, which, however, poets have thought to be counterbalanced by its advantages. In burlesque, the objection has no place. Pope in his mock-heroic, has adopted a machinery derived from a fantastic kind of philosophy termed the Rosycrucian, but with such alterations and additions as suited his purpose. He has formed it into one of the most amusing fictions to be met with in poetry ; airy, sportive,

elegant, giving scope to descriptions of singular brilliancy, and admirably accommodated to his subject. The mode of action of these fairy-like beings is very happily fancied ; and never were guardian spirits better adapted to their charge than his Sylphs. It is theirs

To save the powder from too rude
a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences
exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the
vernal flow'rs ;
To steal from rainbows ere they
drop in show'rs
A brighter wash to curl their wa-
ving hairs,
Assist their blushes and inspire
their airs.

The Gnomes are much less distinctly represented ; but the Cave of Spleen affords a striking specimen of the poet's talents for allegorical personification, and the figures of Ill-nature and Affectation are excellent sketches.

The story of the piece is a trifling incident that really happened, and though not of an humorous nature, is well calculated to display that frivolity belonging to every thing in which the fair sex is concerned, which he assumes as the subject of his satire. A favourite figure by which he effects his purpose, is that of comic and degrading parallel ; as in the following lines :

Whether the nymph shall break
Dianna's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a
flaw ;
Or stain her honor or her new
brocade ;
Forget her pray'rs or miss a mas-
querade ;

Or loose her heart, or necklace at
a ball ;
Or whether heav'n has doom'd
that shock must fall.

You will smile at these petty effusions of malice, which, in truth, have more of flippancy than wit ; and you will not the less enjoy the exquisite polish of the style, and dazzling lustre of the imagery, in this performance, which are surpassed by nothing in the language. His parodies of Homer, a species of humor well-adapted to the mock heroic, and which he has managed with singular dexterity, will particularly entertain you while you have his translations of that author fresh in your memory.

The Rape of the Lock is our poet's principal effort in that great province of his art, *creation*. It might have been supposed that his success in this attempt would have encouraged him to proceed to others of a similar kind ; but the exercise of the inventive faculties is the most laborious and exhausting of mental operations ; and many writers who have gained reputation by one or two productions of this class, have found the exertion too great to be continued. Pope's genius is chiefly characterized by the talent of expressing the ideas of other men, or the dictates of common good sense, with peculiar beauty and energy. Hence he is an excellent translator, a happy imitator, and a powerful instructor on moral and critical topics. A performance of the latter kind was one of the products of his early youth, and principally contributed to the establishment of his poetic fame. This is his "Essay on Criticism," a work abounding in valuable literary precepts, expres-

sed generally with neatness and often with brilliancy. In poetical merit it stands high among didactic pieces ; yet it has many marks of juvenility in the thoughts, and of incorrectness in the language ; and by no means deserves to be proposed as a guide in the critical art, with that authority which some have ascribed to it. It is, however well worthy of your perusal ; and you will recognize several of its maxims as having received the sanction of popular application.

Pope assumes a still more important character as a didactic poet in his celebrated "Essay on Man." The subject of this work is no less than a philosophical inquiry into the nature and end of human beings : it therefore comprehends the fundamental principles both of morals and of natural religion. As this work is written upon a systematic plan, it is proper that the reader should endeavour to become master of it, and trace the design of the whole, and the mutual connexion of the parts. This is a serious task, and would be apt to prove irksome to one accustomed to read for mere amusement ; yet without the habit of occasionally fixing the attention upon a grave investigation, the mind will remain feeble and unsteady, incapable of any solid instruction. Writings in prose which have information for their sole object, are, indeed best fitted to engage attention of this kind ; nor can it be affirmed that Pope's excellence lay in the clearness and consistency of his argumentative processes. It will be sufficient if you peruse with care his own view of the general design of this piece, and his sketches of the contents of each book. Warbur-

ton's elaborate commentary, were you even capable of fully comprehending it, would be more likely to mislead than to instruct you, since his intention was rather to disguise, than fairly to represent, the system of his author. After all, the Essay on Man is chiefly remembered for the beauty and sublimity of its detached passages, and the elevated sentiments of morality and religion which it inspires, and which stand independent of the particular system in which they are inserted. You may justly admire the energetic conciseness of expression in the reasoning and didactic parts, which verify the author's assertion, that he chose poetry as the vehicle of his thoughts, on account of the superior brevity with which he could deliver them in that form. For example, what combination of words could possibly give the sense of the following lines with more precision or in less compass?

Most strength the *moving principle*
requires :

Active its task, it prompts, impels,
inspires,

Sedate and quiet the *comparing*
lies,

Form'd but to check, deliberate,
and advise.

Self-love still stronger, as its objects
nigh ;

Reason's at distance, and in prospect
lie :

That sees immediate good by present
sense ;

Reason, the future and the consequence.

It was such passages that Swift had in his eye, when he said with the candor of true friendship,
When Pope can in one couple fix
More sense than I can do in six.

(To be Continued.)

DESCRIPTION of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius (supposed to be the first,) and of the death of *Pliny* the elder, communicated in a letter from *Pliny* the younger to *Tacitus*.

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments ; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance ; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works ; yet I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings, will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read ; but doubly happy are they who are blest with both these uncommon talents : in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings, and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands ; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at* Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desir-

* In the gulph of Naples.

ed him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the †sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study: he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius.‡

† The Romans used to lie or walk naked in the sun, after anointing their bodies with oil, which was esteemed as greatly contributing to health, and, therefore, daily practised by them. This custom, however, of anointing themselves, is inveighed against by the satarists as in the number of their luxurious indulgences: but since we find the elder Pliny here, and the amiable Spurinna in a former letter, practising this method, we cannot suppose the thing itself was esteemed unmanly, but only when it was attended with some particular circumstances of an over-refined delicacy.

‡ About six miles distant from Naples.—This dreadful eruption happened A. D. 79, in the first year of the Emperor Titus. Martial has a pretty epigram upon this subject, in which he gives us a view of Vesuvius, as it appeared before this terrible conflagration broke out:

Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius
umbris,
Presserat hic madidos nobilis
uva lacus.

I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impel-

Hæc juga, quam Nisæ colles, plus
Bacchus amavit:

Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere
choros.

Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone
gratior illi;

Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus
erat:

Cuncta jacent flammis, & tristi
Mersa favilla;

Nec vellent superi hoc licuisse
sibi.

Lib. 4. Ep. 44.

Here verdant vines o'erspread Ve-
suvio's sides;

The gen'rous grape here pour'd her
purple tides.

This Bacchus lov'd beyond his na-
tive scene;

Here dancing satyrs joy'd to trip
the green.

Far more than Sparta this in Ve-
nus grace;

And great Alcides once renown'd
the place;

Now flaming embers spread dire
waste around,

And Gods regret that Gods can thus
confound.

It seems probable that this was the first eruption of Mount Vesuvius, at least of any consequence; as it is certain we have no particular accounts of any preceding one, Dio, indeed, and other ancient authors speak of it as burning before; but still they describe it as covered with trees and vines, so that the eruptions must have been inconsiderable.

led it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner : it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty if I thought proper to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies ; for, as it happened he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her ; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea, she earnestly intreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered the gallies to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others ; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steer'd his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain, that the cinders which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell

into the ships together with pumice stones, and black pieces of burning rock : they were likewise in danger not only of being a-ground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again ; to which the pilot advising him, *Fortune*, said he, *befriends the brave ; Carry me to Pomponianus*. Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, § separated by a gulf, which the sea after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board ; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favorable, however for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation : he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready ; when after having bathed, he sate down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the mean while the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the

§ Now called Castele Mar di Stabia, in the gulph of Naples.

burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper therefore to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two: a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day every where else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night; which however was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found

the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle having drank a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, & frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it wast light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my Mother and I who were at Misenum. But as this has no connection with your history, so your enquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore I will put an end to my letter: suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter and a history; between writing to a friend, and writing to the public.

Farewell.

(*To be Continued.*)

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*A general character of the Roman language.*

We have seen the Roman language carried to its highest pitch, and equally fitted for all subjects : like the people who spoke it, strong, manly, bold and majestic. It differs from the Greek, in being less harmonious and copious ; but it is more concise, and sometimes more forcible. It is, indeed, less suited for poetry, as wanting both the various cadence of the dialects, and the expressive force of the compound epithets, and which are so peculiarly beautiful, especially in Homer, as to exhibit in a single work, more than the fullest description.

On the other hand, in prose, the Latin, as it admits more of transposition, or what is called by some, the order of imagination, its style though more difficult than the Greek, becomes more diversified ; hence, perhaps, it pleases the mind more by giving play to its activity, at the same time that it fills the ear with a sufficient variety of agreeable and harmonious sounds.

After all, the Greek, from its superior melody, dignity, and sweetness ; its precision, its copiousness, variety of musical dialects, and, above all, from the invention, grace and singular beauty of its authors, still ranks above the Latin, and far above all other languages whatever.

*Lives and characters of eminent Roman writers.*

TERENCE

Was born at Carthage in Africa. He was slave to Terentius Lucanus the senator, who gave him his li-

berty for his wit, his good mien and great abilities. Upon obtaining his freedom, he applied himself to the writing of comedies, and rejecting the old stage, formed himself upon the new one of Menander.

He was cotemporary with Lucilius the satirist, and Polybius the historian, and along with them, enjoyed the patronage of Scipio and Lælius, who were then the most learned and most eloquent men in Rome. His comedies, no doubt, owe much of their polish and elegance to the correction and advice of two such eminent critics.

Terence died about the 15th year before the Christian era. The humour of his plays will last for ages. It is natural, and like Addison's or Shakespeare's, exhibits what mankind are in every age in similar situations. The language is of the purest kind, delicate, easy and unaffected.

TIBULLUS,

A Roman knight, born at Rome, 43 years B. C. He was the intimate friend of Horace, as we learn from one of his epistles, and Ovid composed a very fine elegy on his death.

His four books of Elegies were complete in their kind. Muret and Scaliger have both written learned commentaries upon them.

He appears to have been a man of polite manners, fond of the country, and endued with that kind of sensibility that disposes to love.

Hammond has imitated him in his elegies with remarkable exactness, and with so much nature and ease, that he may be reckoned an original in our language. There



is a more literal version of him by Grainger, but much inferior in spirit to Hammond.

The best edition of his works is that of Broukhousius, published at Amsterdam in 1703.

### VIRGIL,

Justly styled the prince of Latin Epic poetry, was the son of a potter, and born near Mantua, seventy years before Christ. He studied first at Mantua, then at Cremona, Milan and Naples. Going to Rome he acquired the esteem of the greatest wits and most illustrious persons of his time; among others the Emperor Augustus, Mæcenas, and Pollio. He was eminent for great talents not only in polite literature, and poetry, but also in philosophy, geometry, geography, medicine and natural history.

Though one of the greatest geniuses of the age and the admiration of the Romans, he always preserved a singular modesty, and lived with moderation and virtue at a time when the manners of the age were very corrupt.

He first turned himself to pastoral, and, being charmed with the beauty and sweetness of Theocritus, was ambitious of introducing this new species of poetry among the Romans. His first performance in this way, called *Alexis* was supposed written A. R. 709, in the 25th year of his age. He wrote the other eclogues at different intervals, most of them being occasioned by the events of his life.

His *Pollio*, (a most finished piece,) seems to be rather a prophecy than a pastoral, and is so much in the spirit of Isaiah's prophecies, applied to Jesus Christ,

that we must suppose that either he has seen that prophet's works, or else borrowed his ideas, which are truly divine and extraordinary, from the prophecies of the Cumæan Sybil, in regard to a divine person who was to appear and reform the world; all which he applies, no doubt, out of compliment to young Pollio.

His *Gallus* is another complimentary Eclogue to his friend of that name, and is as pathetic a piece as ever was composed; the ideas are wholly pastoral, and the passion of love is described in a manner that must strongly affect every person that has ever felt it.

In his 34th year, our author retired to Naples, and began his *Georgicks*, which he undertook at the desire of Mæcenas, to whom he dedicates them: not to rival Hesiod, as he had lately done Theocritus, but to promote agriculture, and benefit his country. To this memorable poem, and glorious performance, he is said to have given seven years, to his *Pastorals* three.

It appears, indeed, from his own expressions, that he wished to be considered as the first who introduced both pastoral, georgick, and epic poetry from the Grecian to the Latin plains, and it is but justice to say that he did so, and was a complete master in all, and remained unrivalled in each.

In finishing his *Æneid* he spent eleven years. He died at Brundisium, of an asthma, in the 53d year of his age.

He was of a swarthy complexion, tall, of a sickly constitution, affected with frequent headaches, and spitting of blood. He was so very bashful that he frequently ran into the shops to prevent his being

gazed at by the people. It is likewise said that he was slovenly in his dress, awkward and careless of his person, and that Horace alludes to him in these lines :

“Iracundior est paulo, minus ap-  
tus acutis

“Naribus horum hominum ; ri-  
deri possit, eo quod

“Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et  
male laxus

“In pede calces hæret. At est bo-  
nus, ut melior vir

“Non alius quisquam ; at tibi a-  
micus, at ingenium ingens

“Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.”

He was so benevolent and inoffensive, that most of his cotemporary poets, though they envied each other, yet loved and esteemed him. In philosophy, he seems first to have inclined to the system of Epicurus, after the example of Lucretius, but afterwards to have relinquished it for the more comfortable and religious doctrines of Plato.

#### HORACE,

The most excellent of the Latin poets of the lyrick or satyrical kind, and the most judicious critic in the Augustan period, was the grandson of a freed-man, and born at Venusium 64 years B. C. He had the best masters of Rome, after which, as he himself tells us, he completed his education at Athens. Having taken up arms, he embraced the party of Brutus and Cassius, (as did his friend Virgil,) against Augustus. Horace left his shield at the battle of Philippi, and Virgil narrowly escaped on horse-back. But both were pardoned and admitted to the Emperor's favour, soon after, by the interest of Maecenas.

Horace now gave himself up entirely to the study of polite Literature and poetry. Besides Augustus and Maecenas, he was honored with the friendship of Agrippa, Pollio, Varus, Lollius, the two Pisos, with all the wits and great men of the age, as his Odes and Epistles testify. He died at the age of 57.

He was of short stature inclined to fatness, black-haired, tender-eyed, and somewhat passionate, but easily reconciled and pacified. These are all circumstances told by himself. He left Augustus his heir, and was buried in the pure air of the Esquilian hill, near the tomb of Maecenas.

#### JUVENAL

Was born about the beginning of the Emperor Claudian's, reign, at Aquinum, in Campania. According to the fashion of the times, being bred to eloquence, he studied first under Fronto the orator, and afterwards under Quinctilian ; after which he practised at the bar, and made a distinguished figure for many years. By his practice, he improved his fortune before he turned his thoughts to poetry, the very style of which, in his Satires, speaks a long habit of declamation.

It is said he was about forty years of age before he recited his first Essay to a small audience of his friends, but meeting with great applause, he was encouraged to go on.

He lashed the vices of the times, which were then great and many, with much severity of satire and excellent eloquence. Domitian sent him into banishment for using too great liberties with him, but returning to Rome after his death,



he resolved to forbear invective against the living and confine himself to the dead. There are still extant sixteen of his Satires, all finished pieces, descriptive in a high degree, of the times, and full of excellent morality, and the true spirit of poetry; but some of them only, are sufficiently proper to be put into the hands of youth.



*From the NORFOLK HERALD.*

### NATIONAL JUBILEE.

The Grand National Festival and Jubilee, which was celebrated on the 13<sup>th</sup> of this month at JAMES TOWN, was attended by a concourse of upwards of *two thousand persons*, who appeared to participate in those feelings which the occasion seemed calculated to excite. It was indeed a JUBILEE. It was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," of sentiment unalloyed by gross passion, and unrestrained by dull formality. It was attended by a collection of more than three hundred of as beautiful females as the state of Virginia contains, who also joined in the festivity of the season—who circled in the mazes of the meandering dance, and from whose bright eyes seraphic smiles shot pleasure and heart-felt joy through the bosom of many an anxious swain. In one place you might behold the aged veteran of the revolution, musing in meditative silence among the tombs of our departed ancestors, recording their gallant exploits, and rendering the silent but expressive homage of their gratitude for the blessings which their valour bequeathed. Here the aspiring youth, with fire

in his eye, and emulation in his soul, was incited to equal the deeds of the heroes who had gone before him—Here the graceful form of female beauty was seen to glide, she adding joy, and benignity, and pleasure all around, and from its bright eye beaming refulgence, declaring that none but the votaries of virtue should be blest with its smiles.

The dawn was announced by a discharge of cannon from the shore, and some tunes from an excellent band of music, which was returned from all the vessels stationed off the island that were mounted with guns. About 11 o'clock a Procession in the following order was formed:

The Band of Music playing, "*Boyne Water.*"

The Bishop of Virginia, accompanied by the Orators of the Day.

The old inhabitants of James Town.

The committees from Norfolk, Petersburg, Williamsburg and the other towns.

The ladies two and two.

The citizens from Norfolk.

The citizens from Petersburg.

The citizens from James City and the adjacent counties.

Capt. Nestell's company of Artillery.

Six citizens bearing a Cannon Ball weighing 500 weight! brought into Virginia by Captain NEWPORT.

In this order they reached the Church-Yard, where, elevated on one of the oldest tombs, the venerable bishop of Virginia, poured forth his pious soul in rendering grateful thanks to the great author of nature, for the blessings which we enjoy. It was indeed a sublime spectacle—a spectacle which

Gods might look down upon and envy—the venerable form inspiring respect—the mild benignant voice breathing piety—the words of fire issuing from his lips, inculcating religion, pure and undefiled, the eager attentive gaze of the spectators, together formed a spell which seized the enraptured soul and placed it in Elysium. At the conclusion of the prayer, the company returned in the same order of procession to the house, where preparations for the delivery of the Orations, which had been prepared by Messrs. *Baldwin & Madison*, two of the students of William and Mary, and an Ode by Mr. *C. Blanchard*, had been made. The subject of the Orations had been divided in a very judicious manner—The former spoke of the first settlement of the colonies—painted to the eye the labors and perils they encountered—eulogized in an appropriate manner the lovely *POCAHONTAS*, and rendered the tribute of gratitude for her services. He described the origin and progress of the colony towards wealth and greatness, and finally descanted on the moral and political consequences likely to result from the discovery.

Mr. *Madison* spoke of the Revolution, and the effects following therefrom. The Orators both discovered an intimate knowledge of historical facts, a correct apprehension of the science of man and of politics. Those gentlemen bid fair to become at no very distant day, ornaments of the Western World.

They were followed by Master *Charles Blanchard*, of this town, who delivered an Ode which for originality of conception, harmony of structure, beauty of imagery,

liveliness of fancy and poetic fire, has rarely, and probably never been equalled. It was delivered with a grace which fascinated all beholders, and where occasion required, with a fire that electrised every heart; and we cannot pay the youthful Orator a greater compliment, when we say, that the merits of the composition, great as they were, did not exceed the merits of the delivery.

The day closed with general harmony; and on Friday many of the company repaired to Williamsburg, to an elegant dinner given by the citizens of that city to the citizens of Norfolk, Portsmouth, Petersburg, and the adjacent country.—Hospitality presided, and mirth abounded at the board; and the company separated with a respect generated by a participation in the same rational pleasures, and a fond anticipation that they might again, on the same spot, celebrate the same event.

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A man of liberal curiosity turns all nature into a magnificent theatre, replete with objects of wonder and surprize; and filled up chiefly for his happiness and entertainment: he industriously examines all things, from the minutest insect to the most finished animal; and when his limited organs can no longer make the disquisition, he sends out his imagination upon new inquiries.

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To be very active in laudable pursuits is the distinguished characteristic of a man of merit.

Few things are impossible to industry and skill.





## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

## AN INSCRIPTION

*For the tomb of Gen. Richard Kennon, who died in February 1805, and his daughter Elizabeth Kennon, who died August 10th 1802, and are laid in one monument at Finniewood, Virginia.*

Here infant innocence that knew no ill  
And manly virtue sleeps.—At heav'n's high will  
Repine not ye who view this lonely tomb,  
And meditate on man's mysterious doom.  
The first was soon released from worldly woe ;  
The last well exercised in cares below.  
In Freedom's glorious cause he bravely fought,  
His Country's good with gallant firmness sought,  
And, now, with joy beholds, to Heaven remov'd,  
That freedom flourish he so dearly lov'd.

*The following is the ODE delivered by Master C. K. Blanchard, at the Jubilee of Jamestown.*

The POWER that measures  
Space and Time,  
And robes the Stars with  
Light sublime,

That guides with central force  
aright  
The rapid Comet's fiery flight,  
That holds each Orb in strong  
control,  
And points the planets where  
to roll.  
The God who taught the Sun to  
blaze,  
And made it strike,  
On mortal sight,  
The fire of Heav'n's reflected rays,  
Sent the sons of the East,  
To the sons of the West,  
Taught the Arts with the ray of  
mild evening to shine,  
And blest a New World with their  
radiance divine.

Warm from the Wood,  
With hunting tir'd,  
A savage sought the cooling flood,  
And far, far off the curling wave  
admir'd,  
And as he pac'd the lonely  
beach,  
Far as his piercing eye could  
reach,  
He tho't he saw the pine trees  
dance,  
And on the wave erect ad-  
vance !  
Again he look'd and saw the  
trees,  
All wing'd arriving with the  
breeze !  
And as he gaz'd with wild  
surprize,  
Borne on the full-flood tide  
along,  
Moving in solemn silence on,  
He sees at last the stately ship  
arise  
But when from forth the bursting  
side,  
He sees the Lightnings glide,  
And hears the deep mouth'd  
cannon roar,

The rattling sounding,  
 Noise rebounding  
 From the Rocks, the Woods, the  
 Shore ;  
 Aghast ! the red man flies and  
 cries  
 (Loud as the yell of death can  
 rise)  
 To all the painted tribes a-  
 round ;  
 That the "*Great Spirit*" fill'd  
 with ire,  
 Involv'd in smoke and clad in  
 fire,  
 Shook the whole earth with  
 thund'ring sound,  
 And raging threw the livid light-  
 nings round.  
 But, ah ! how soon the Savage  
 Nations saw,  
 \*The Sun's white offspring  
 were but men :  
 And as their mutual wants in-  
 crease,  
 While varying ties together  
 draw,  
 They frame a transient  
 peace,  
 And harmonize in vain.  
 Nor 'mid the tow'ring forest  
 shade,  
 Was the black hair'd Indian  
 Maid,  
 At all afraid,  
 To see the graceful stranger move,  
 Or hear his softest song of  
 love.  
 For *Love* bewitch'd these *real*  
 Wood Nymphs wild,  
 Wav'd her white arm, and o'er the  
 desert smil'd.  
 This, when the jealous savage  
 knew,  
 And saw beside,  
 The mounded city rise :

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\* *In all America the white men  
 have been called the children of the  
 Sun as coming from the East.*

To arms ! to arms ! he  
 cry'd :  
 To arms the warriors flew,  
 And the shrill war-song sounded  
 to the skies ;  
 Whilst *Horror* shrieking in  
 the woods,  
 And screaming o'er the hills  
 and floods  
 Warns the white warriors to  
 prepare,  
 And brave the first rude shock of  
 savage war.  
 Our ancestors ! A small but  
 daring band,  
 Led by a Hero first in fame,  
 Cloth'd with courage, arm'd  
 with flame,  
 Against the hideous howling  
 throng,  
 March dreadful on ;  
 And in many direful day,  
 Driving far the foe away,  
 Boldly claim the ensanguin'd  
 land,  
 Their conquering valor won.  
 Driv'n from their usual haunts and  
 floods,  
 Far to their inmost shades and  
 woods,  
 The Indian chiefs retir'd  
 With endless fury fir'd ;  
 Intent, the web of woe to weave,  
 Secret as death, and joyless as the  
 grave,  
 The plot's full time, matured, thro'  
 many a year,  
 At last drew near !  
 And the notch'd arrow mark'd the  
 day,  
 That drew the furrowing  
 tear,  
 Which *Time* can never wipe away !  
 Revenge ! Revenge ! a thousand  
 voices cry,  
 Revenge ! Revenge ! th' echoing  
 hills reply !  
 Whilst the red tribes in trea-  
 chery strong.



Relentless sweep along :  
 And where the whizzing  
     weapons fly,  
 A thousand Fathers, Mothers  
     die.  
 Sons, Sisters, Children, fly in  
     vain,  
 Their lifeless bodies strew the  
     plain,  
 And as the infant smiles or  
     cries,  
 It sees the lifted stroke and  
     dies,  
 Behind the raging flame, are seen,  
     Where dwellings, fields and  
     bodies blaze :  
 And glaring midst the horrid  
     gleam,  
 The whooping blood stain'd  
     *Savage* strays :  
 Or, amid the fiend like  
     throng,  
 Drives the blasting ruin on :  
 Till (quite complete the blood-  
     dy plan)  
 Sad *Desolation* sits and mocks the  
     works of *Man*.

Soft voic'd *Pity* from above,  
 Fairest daughter of the Sky !  
 Bent with locks of grief and love,  
 To the chang'd earth her tear-  
     ful eye.  
 She saw the smoking ruins  
     round,  
 And all the arts of peace de-  
     stroy'd :  
 The groves and walks were  
     ruin'd found,  
 Which she with peaceful  
     pow'r enjoy'd.  
 In eac hlov'd scene she hears faint  
     sorrow call :  
 Whilst o'er the hapless land, her  
     tears benignant fall.  
 But now see, fair succour fly-  
     ing,  
 O'er the wide Atlantic wave,

Our few remaining Sires to  
     save,  
 Every Indian force defying,  
 Bringing comfort to the  
     brave.  
 Ship after ship amain !  
 Men after men arrive !  
     To drive  
     The Savage to his woods  
     again.  
 Whilst industry, of force divine,  
 With Commerce, Peace, and pow-  
     er combine.  
 To seize the fleeting flying  
     *Hours*,  
 And make them deck the fields  
     with flowers.  
 And late where Desolation  
     walk'd,  
 And late where glaring ruin  
     stalk'd,  
 The towns with loftier aspect  
     rise,  
 And loftier domes salute the  
     skies.  
 A million patriot sons are born,  
 A million fair the land adorn,  
 And *here*, where e'rst the wild  
     flow'r rose  
 Alone and undesir'd,  
 See where the blushing beauty  
     glows :  
     By every eye admired.  
 For you, ye Fair, to arms we  
     fly,  
 Or strike the sounding lyre,  
 For you the soldier dares to die,  
 And ye the bard inspire,  
 Your smiles alone, can bless the  
     strain,  
 Alone can make it last,  
 Till a new century shall have  
     pass'd :  
 When friends perhaps may meet  
     again,  
 And sound the high-hung harp  
     of Love,  
 At the great JUBILEE above.

This Ode, although not written in honor of Bacchus, may be called, "Dythyrambic," as many liberties have been taken in distancing the rhymes, some of them being eight or ten lines apart, as the reader will please to observe. It is not the better for being longer than most of the Greek, or Latin Odes, although not so long as Boileau's famed Ode, "*Sax la Prise de Namur*." But a thousand poems could not exhaust the subject.

The Verse writers for the next "*Virginiad*," are requested to pay their respects to Princess POCAHONTAS, unavoidably neglected in this first Essay.



TO GENERAL KOSCIUSKO.

By Peter Pindar.

O thou, whose wounds from pity's  
eye  
Could force the stream and bid her  
sigh,  
That god-like valour bled in  
vain—  
Sigh that the land which gave  
them birth  
Should droop its sorrowing head  
to earth,  
And groaning curse the Despot's  
chain !

Her beams around shall glory  
spread,  
Where'er thy star thy steps shall  
lead,  
And Fame thy ev'ry deed re-  
peat ;  
Each heart in suffering virtue's  
cause  
Shall swell amid the loud applause  
And raptur'd catch a kindred  
heat.

In Fancy's eye, thy friend, the  
Muse,  
Thy bark, from wave to wave pur-  
sues,  
With fondest wish to join the  
way.  
To view the shore where freedom  
reigns,  
(An exile long from British plains)  
And blesses millions by her  
sway.

While thou, in Peace's purple  
vale,  
Fair Freedom, Fame and Health  
shall hail,  
At ease reclin'd amid the shade,  
Britannia's wail will wound thy  
ear ;  
And lo ! I see thy gen'rous tear  
Embalms her laurels as they  
fade.

On hearing a gentleman say, he  
would never dance with a plain  
woman.  
Young Damon vows, nay, hear him  
swear,  
He'll "dance with none but what  
are fair,"  
Suppose we girls a law dispense,  
To dance with none but *men of*  
*sense*,  
Suppose you should, pray, Ma'am  
what then ?  
Why Sir, you'd never dance again.



Advice to Strephon.

Pensive Strephon cease repining,  
Give thy injur'd stars their due ;  
There's no room for all this pining,  
Be Dorinda false or true.  
If she feeds a faithful passion,  
Canst thou call thy fortune  
cross ?  
And if sway'd by whim or passion,  
Let her leave thee,—where's the  
loss ?